

The Mystery of The Devil's Ace

Or, The Manor Mystery

By Fergus Hume

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab."

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Rich Sir John Newby has a twin brother, Richard, who is his secretary. Newby's murdered body is found in a secret room under the tower of an English manor house owned by Francis Clair. In this room, centuries earlier, Clair's ancestor won the manor by playing the "Devil's Ace." Clair is poor. He has planned for his daughter Dorothy to wed Sir John. She is engaged to Percy Hallon, a young engineer, who lives with her friends, the Wilhelms. Wilhelms is a famous clairvoyant. He has given Sir John, Newby's eccentric housekeeper, a vision of the crime having been committed with a knife he used to own. Count Bezkoft, a Russian, is leaving that Clair has inherited a large income from Sir John, comes to the manor to seek funds for the revolutionary cause in Russia. That evening Sir John is talking with Lady Pansy, Clair's sister, who is a famous clairvoyant. She is crying that Bezkoft accuses him of Sir John's murder and is trying to blackmail him. Bezkoft repeats the charge and is ordered from the house. Clair agrees to Dorothy's marriage with Hallon on condition that the latter shall clear up the murder mystery. Hallon goes to the Newby house in London. There he meets Sir John.

CHAPTER XIII.

Back From the Dead.

"**B**ACK from the grave! Back from the grave!" shrieked Mrs. Broil.
Sir John might well have returned there, for in place of being the stout, red-faced, prosperous speculator whom Hallon knew, he was pale and wrinkled, bent, and somewhat lean.
"We were not very well acquainted," said Newby, dryly, and walked slowly to a near armchair, into which he sank with a sigh of relief. "You can go, Martha," said he to Mrs. Broil.
"You did not expect to find me here, Mr. Hallon?" he remarked, and pointed to a seat near at hand.
Percy sat down very "thankfully." "No, your body!"
"Not my body, Mr. Hallon!"
"Then that of your double?"
"Quite so. And remember that I have a double," said Newby, slowly.
Hallon started, as the meaning of this speech dawned on him. "Your twin brother Richard?" he gasped.
"Yes. He is the one who has been murdered."

"I bid you good-day, Sir John," said Percy, opening the door, "and I congratulate you on your escape."
"Come back and sit down, Mr. Hallon," said Sir John. "From what I read in the newspapers you were the person who found the body in the crypt."
"I and Miss Clair found the body."

"Don't You Know?"

"I can't go down to see Miss Clair until to-morrow," said Sir John, "but my fingers, irritably. The report of my supposed death has made such a stir that I have much to do to put things right again. Also, I have to learn who killed Richard."
"Don't you know?" asked Hallon, involuntarily.
"No," Newby wheeled round. "Do you?"
"Of course not," rejoined the young man, warmly. "I came here hoping, for the sake of Mr. Clair, to trace the assassin who murdered—I thought, as we all thought—him. Now that I find you are alive, of course everything is altered."
"Quite so. By the way, you talk of helping Mr. Clair. In what way?"
"Mr. Clair is accused of having murdered you."

Newby raised his thick white eyebrows. "Indeed! And by whom?"
"A Russian called Count Bezkoft, who—"

Newby grew violently red. "Do you mean to say that he has been to—?"
"Oh!" he clenched his hands. "What a villain! And do you believe this accusation, Mr. Hallon?"
"Certainly not," rejoined Percy, promptly. "And yet Count Bezkoft declares that a spy saw Mr. Clair strike the blow."

"Augh!" Newby wiped the perspiration from his wrinkled brow, and took a turn up and down the room. Finally he stopped abruptly before the young man, who was still standing near the half-open door, with the handle in his hand. "Close it," said Newby, sharply. "and sit down. I shall tell you what has happened. You may as well know, since it will appear in the evening papers."

CHAPTER XIV.

A Queer Story.

CURIOS to learn what he could, Percy resumed his seat, but left it to Sir John to begin the conversation.
"Instead of going to Russia—and this, Mr. Hallon, is what I told the reporters—Richard went to Belian in response to that letter."
"How did he get it, seeing that it was addressed to you?"
"Richard was my secretary and opened my letters. Finding that one he, naturally, did not show it to me, since it hinted at further rascallies on his part, but went down to meet the person who wrote it. I can't say who the person was."
"But why in your clothes?"
"I can't explain that either, Mr. Hallon. But my nurse, Mrs. Broil, or, rather, I should say my housekeeper, saw the anonymous letter, and thinking Richard might come to harm—she does on him, I may tell you, or, rather, did, since he is dead—she urged me to go also to the Cuckoo's Grove. I therefore left my portmanteau at the Belian station, intending to return for it, and walked to the Cuckoo's Grove. By the stile I found the body of my brother, dressed in my clothes, which he had taken from this house. He was dead, having been stabbed in the back. I was horrified, as you may imagine, and was about to run back to the village and get the alarm, when a sack was thrown over my head and I was bound hand and foot."

"Who by?"
"That I can't tell you—the sack was over my head. A hand was thrust under it and a gag was placed in my mouth. Then I was dragged into the un-

derwood, and remained there for hours. Later—when it was dark, as I surmised, for I could see nothing by reason of the sack—food and drink were given me, and the gag was removed. I did not eat, but being desperately thirsty I drank the wine which was thrust into my hands. It was apparently drugged, for I remember no more until I found myself in a small bare room in Soho."

"How did you know it was in Soho?"

asked Hallon, quickly.

A Queer Story.

"I found that out afterwards, when I got away. I never saw those who had kidnapped me. Food and drink, and the papers containing an account of the case, were thrust into my room, but those who placed them there never appeared. You may imagine my own feelings. Mr. Hallon, at reading my own obituary, and knowing that I was numbered with the dead. I tried to escape, but could not, for the window was barred and the door was locked. Late last night, however, I found the door had been left open. I then walked home, and Mrs. Broil looked after me. This morning I sent for the police and others, and told them what I told you. It is my intention to try and find the house in Soho, and then I may learn why I was kidnapped, and why my brother was murdered. Also, I may find out why I was allowed to escape, for undoubtedly the door was intentionally left open. The whole thing is a mystery to me."

"In one respect it is to me," said Hallon, wondering at this queer history. "I believe that you were kidnapped by revolutionary people, seeing that Bezkoft confessed that a spy followed you. But when you were in their power I can't understand why they should have let you go without getting money from you."

"She Is Engaged to Me!"

"I think not. She is engaged to me."

"To you?" Sir John flushed a deep red, then laughed harshly. "I think not, Mr. Hallon. When I was dead you might have had a chance, but now that I am alive and Mr. Clair loses his income, he will be on my side, believe me. He does not support me!" He hesitated.

"What then?" asked Hallon, calmly, although his heart beat rapidly.

"Then I'll ruin her father."

"You shall not!"

"I shall. I have a mortgage on the Manor. I'll foreclose, and turn Clair out of doors."

"You shall not!" said Hallon, determinedly. "If you harm Mr. Clair, or his daughter, I shall bring home the crime to you."

"Gone!" said Newby, violently; and without another word Hallon went.

He returned to Belian, somewhat surprised at the rather calm way in which Sir John had taken his threat. Instead of turning pale, or arguing the matter, or even denying the accusation, he had simply ordered him to go.

To his delight he found that Dorothy was spending the day with Willy Minner. Willy had gone for a run in his beloved motor-car, and the two girls were seated on the lawn drinking afternoon tea and talking of their future. Willy saw nothing ahead of her, but everlasting communion with Billy; but Dorothy, as a prospective bride, had a more interesting time to come. When Hallon appeared at the gate with his bag, looking mournful and somewhat dusty, for he had walked from the station—Dorothy rose with a cry and flew to him.

"My darling, how glad I am to see you!" she said, taking his bag and kissing him. "How tired you look, poor thing! Quick, Willy, send for some more tea. Percy, sit down here." She pressed him into a comfortable basket-chair. "How surprised I am—and how delighted!"

"But why did you come back?" asked Willy.

"The bomb."

Hallon looked after the retreating form of the maid, who had gone to brew fresh tea and cut more bread and butter. Waiting until she was out of earshot, he hurried his bomb. "Sir John Newby is alive!"

Dorothy shrieked and fell back into a chair; Willy gasped, but kept her balance.

"Don't be silly, Dorothy!" said Willy, in rather a cross voice. "See! you have split your tea. Sir John won't bother you any more."

"Yes, he will," said Hallon, gloomily. "He expressed his intention of again pursuing Dorothy."

"I won't let him!" said the girl, determinedly, and sat down again.

"I tell you Sir John won't bother you again," said Willy once more. "Can't you see, Percy? If Richard is dead, his brother must have killed him. Remember the red-handled knife in the library. No one but Sir John could have taken it from his desk."

(To Be Continued.)

Trifles.

By Cora M. W. Greenleaf.

LOOK and a touch, and a word

I heard.

Love's whispered message low, sweet and clear.

Divinest music the soul can hear.

A word, and a look, and a touch—

Not much.

But Love awakes with a blissful smile

And came to my empty heart awhile.

A touch, and a word, and a look—

It shook.

And destroyed my peace, aye, it

claimed my soul!

For Love, dear Love, ever claims the whole.

The Million Dollar Kid

By R. W. Taylor



Betty Vincent Gives Advice On Courtship and Marriage

Propose to Her.
Dear Betty:
I MET a young lady about two months ago and took a great liking to her. I asked her if she would go to a show with me some afternoon, and she accepted. We have been keeping steady company for the past two months. About a month ago she told me she was engaged, and that she had broken her engagement to me. Do you think it is proper for me to keep on going with her? A. M. S.
It certainly is proper for you to keep on going with the young lady, and as she broke her engagement to you, she probably expects you to propose to her.
Her Pace to Make Up.
Dear Betty:
I HAVE been keeping company for a long time with a young gentleman who has been very kind to me. I wrote him three months ago two letters which were a little hasty, but I thought I had good reasons for doing so. I have not received any answers. I have now learned that I was misinformed and that I have offended him. He thinks I don't care for his company, and he said he loved me and wanted to marry me soon. I am very fond of him, but not yet ready to settle down. Do you think I had better write again? DEBIA.
It is your place to take the first step toward a reconciliation. Write him saying you are sorry to have offended him and that you now realize your mistake. If you don't want to settle down yet be friends with him only, but it is right that you should apologize for the two letters.
When a Young Man Calls.
Dear Betty:
I AM very much in love with a young man and would like to know what I can do to appear to good advantage when in his presence. Should the parents of a young lady of twenty sit in the parlor during a man's call on her? W. T. E.
You will appear to best advantage by being natural. No girl gains anything by assuming a pose for a man's benefit, as he is sure to see through it sooner or later. The young lady's parents should spend part of the evening with the young people, but if they are considered they will leave them to themselves for a while, as two young persons can always converse more naturally when not in the presence of their elders.

Clarence the Cop

By C. W. Kahles



The Evening World's Civil Service School

By Ernest L. Crandall,
Former Civil Service Examiner.

The first lesson in this series in Tuesday's Evening World told how candidates for the Police and Fire Departments might increase their height. The second lesson, Wednesday, gave exercises and diet for increasing and reducing weight.

LESSON NO. 3.
Police and Fire Service

THE matter of gaining weight—and holding the gain, if below the prescribed requirement—is not so hopeful as the problem of reducing flesh. Thinness is generally constitutional or due to conditions in one's habits or employment that are often not controllable. However, a published report of the Civil Service Commission shows that of 35 candidates who were allowed a second examination, after rejection for light weight, if passed and 19 failed on the second examination. Therefore there is some hope.

Increasing Weight.
To add to your weight in a manner that will be of permanent benefit, first take plenty of sweets, but in more reasonable forms, sweetened dried or fresh fruits, sugar on cereals and in tea or coffee and candy itself in moderation.
Candy is now a part of the United States soldier's diet. The plainer kinds only are beneficial. Sweetened chocolate is excellent.
Neither must you adopt the habit of drinking water with your meals or of partaking too freely of liquids at any time. Both practices tend to derangement of the digestive system.
For the same reason all forms of alcoholic beverages are to be avoided.
Right here, we may say, if you are not a total abstainer, you had better become one if you are looking to enter either the fire or police. It is that type they are looking for.
Again, in gaining weight, you are not to suppose that fat meat is in itself fattening; take your meat, in moderate quantities, just as it comes, fat and lean. Do not make the mistake either of fancying that eating a great deal will help. A little food well digested goes further than a mass of ill-digested rubbish.
Favor vegetables, breadstuffs and cereals. Eat plenty of butter, and let your principal beverage be milk. Give eggs, raw, or boiled not over one minute, the preference over meat, but not, of course, to the extent of tiring the appetite for a general variety of food. Eat slowly and chew your food thoroughly. Drink very slowly, also. These two things are very essential.
Finally, it is absolutely imperative to have abundant sleep. You cannot get too much of it, with regular hours.
Also plenty of fresh air is essential. If your tendency is to light weight and you have the required height, you will do well to select the police rather than the fire service. This cannot be too strongly emphasized.
The Fire Department is complaining now bitterly of light weight material.

Tests of Strength.
As to the actual physical tests of strength, you will have to undergo, it is needless to describe them in detail. They include:
Standing high jump—60 per cent. being given for 3 feet 6 inches and 100 per cent. for 4 feet 1 inch.
Chinning and dipping, twenty com-

Stenographers and Typewriters Take Notice.

An examination for the position of stenographer and typewriter, female, will be held June 23.

The salaries range from \$600 to \$1,800.

The last day to file applications is June 8, up to 4 P. M. Application may be mailed, but must actually be on file by that time.

To get application blank call at or write to the office of the Municipal Civil Service Commission, No. 299 Broadway.

The Evening World's Civil Service School will provide instruction for this examination in the near future.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

THE blouse that is laid in a succession of fine tucks is always a pretty one, and it suits the thin materials of the lingerie sort.

In the blouse illustrated the material is Persian lawn with frills of the same and trimming of embroidery on the collar and cuffs, but frills of lace and frills of embroidery both are in vogue, and a plain collar pointed back of the ears can be substituted for the tucked round one.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 3/4 yards 21 or 24, 3 1/2 yards 32 or 3 3/4 yards 44 inches wide with 5 yards of net, lining 1 1/2 yards of embroidery.

Pattern No. 6000 is cut in size for a Tucked Blouse or Shirt Waist—Pattern No. 6000.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 128 East Twenty-third Street, New York. Send 10 cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.